

Luc. Sir, I know him, and I loue him.

Duke. Loue talks with better knowledge, & knowledge with deare loue.

Luc. Come Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly beleue that, since you know not what you speake. But if euer the Duke returne (as our praier is he may) let mee desire you to make your answer before him: if it bee honest you haue spoke, you haue courage to maintaine it; I am bound to call vpon you, and I pray you your name?

Luc. Sir my name is *Lucio*, wel known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better Sir, if I may liue to report you.

Luc. I feare you not.

Duke. O, you hope the Duke will returne no more: or you imagine me to vnhurtfull an opposit: but indeed I can doe you little harme: You'll for-swear this againe?

Luc. He be hang'd first: Thou art decei'd in mee Friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die Sir?

Luc. Why? For filling a bottle with a Tunner dish: I would the Duke we talke of were return'd againe: this vngentur'd Agent will vn-people the Province with Continencie. Sparrowes must not build in his house-keues, because they are lecherous: The Duke yet would haue darke deeds darklie answered, hee would neuer bring them to light: would hee were return'd. Marrie this *Claudio* is condemned for vntrusting. Far well good Friar, I prethee pray for me: The Duke (I say to thee againe) would eate Mutton on Fridaies. He's now past it, yet (and I say to thee) hee would mouth with a beggar, though the finest browne-bread and Garlick: say that I said so: Farewell. *Exit.*

Duke. No might, nor greatnesse in mortality Can censure scape: Back-wounding calumnie The whitest vertue strikes. What King so strong, Can tie the gall vp in the slanderous tong? But who comes heere?

Enter Escalus, Prouost, and Bawd.

Esc. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my Lord be good to mee, your Honor is accounted a mercifull man: good my Lord.

Esc. Double, and trebble admonition, and still for-geite in the same kinde? This would make mercy sweare and play the Tyrant.

Pro. A Bawd of eleuen yeares continuance, may it please your Honor.

Bawd. My Lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, Mistris *Kate Keape-downe* was with childe by him in the Dukes time, he promis'd her marriage: his Childe is a yeere and a quarter olde come *Philip* and *Iacob*: I haue kept it my selfe; and see how hee goes about to abuse me.

Esc. That fellow is a fellow of much Licensse: Let him be call'd before vs. Away with her to prison: Goe too, no more words. Prouost, my Brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd, *Claudio* must die to morrow: Let him be furnish'd with Diuines, and haue all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pitie, it should not be so with him.

Pro. So please you, this Priar hath bene with him, and aduis'd him for th'entertainment of death.

Esc. Good'euen, good Father.

Duke. Blisse, and goodnesse on you.

Esc. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this Countrey, though my chance is now To vse it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious Order, late come from the Sea, In speciall businesse from his Holinesse.

Esc. What newes abroad i'th World?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a Feauor on goodnesse, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No-uelitie is onely in request, and as it is as dangerous to be aged in any kinde of course, as it is vertuous to be constant in any vndertaking. There is scarce truth enough aloue to make Societies secure, but Securitie enough to make Fellowships accurst: Much vpon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world: This newes is old enough, yet it is euerie daies newes. I pray you Sir, of what disposition was the Duke?

Esc. One, that about all other strifes, Contended especially to know himselfe.

Duke. What pleasure was he giuen to?

Esc. Rather reioicing to see another merry, then merrie at anie thing which profest to make him reioice. A Gentleman of all temperance. But leaue wee him to his euents, with a praier they may proue prosperous, & let me desire to know, how you finde *Claudio* prepar'd? I am made to vnderstand, that you haue lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to haue receiued no sinister measure from his Iudge, but most willingly humbles himselfe to the determination of Iustice: yet had he framed to himselfe (by the instruction of his frailty) manie deceyving promises of life, which I (by my good leisure) haue discredited to him, and now is he resolu'd to die.

Esc. You haue paid the heauens your Function, and the prisoner the verie debt of your Calling. I haue labour'd for the poore Gentleman, to the extreme shore of my modestie, but my brother-Iustice haue I found so seuere, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, hee is indeede Iustice.

Duke. If his ownellife, Answer the straitnesse of his proceeding, It shall become him well: wherein if he chance to faile he hath sentenc'd himselfe.

Esc. I am going to visit the prisoner, Fare you well.

Duke. Peace be with you.

He who the sword of Heauen will beare, Should be as holy, as seauere: Patterne in himselfe to know, Grace to stand, and Vertue go: More, nor lesse to others paying, Then by selfe-offences weighing. Shame to him, whose cruell striking, Kills for faults of his owne liking: Twice trebble shame on *Angelo*, To vveede my vice, and let his grow. Oh, what may Man within him hide, Though Angel on the outward side? How may likenesse made in crimes, Making practise on the Times, To draw with ydle Spiders strings Most ponderous and substantiall things? Craft against vice, I must applie, With *Angelo* to night shall lye His old betroathed (but despised:) So disguise shall by th'disguised Pay with falshood, false exacting, And performe an olde contracting. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Mariana, and Boy singing.

Song. Take, oh take those lips away,
that so sweetly were forsworne,
And those eyes: the breake of day
lights that doe mislead the Morne;
But my kisses bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but seal'd in vaine, seal'd in vaine.

Enter Duke.

Mar. Breake off thy song, and haste thee quick away, Here comes a man of comfort, whose aduice Hath often still'd my brawling discontent. I cry you mercie, Sir, and well could with You had not found me here so musically.

Let me excuse me, and beleue me so,

My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duk. 'Tis good; though Musick oft hath such a charme To make bad, good; and good prouoake to harme. I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for mee here to day; much vpon this time haue I promis'd here to meete.

Mar. You haue not bin enquir'd after: I haue sat here all day.

Enter Isabella.

Duk. I doe constantly beleue you: the time is come euen now. I shall craue your forbearance a little, may be I will call vpon you anone for some aduantage to your selfe.

Mar. I am alwayes bound to you. *Exit.*

Duk. Very well met, and well come:

What is the newes from this good Deputie?

Isab. He hath a Garden circumur'd with Bricke,

Whose westerne side is with a Vineyard back't;

And to that Vineyard is a planced gate,

That makes his opening with this bigger Key:

This other doth command a little doore,

Which from the Vineyard to the Garden leades,

There haue I made my promise, vpon the

Heauy middle of the night, to call vpon him.

Duk. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I haue a due, and wary note vpon't,

With whispering, and most guiltie diligence,

In action all of precept, he did shew me

The way twice ore.

Duk. Are there no other tokens

Betweene you 'greed, concerning her obseruance?

Isab. No: none but onely a repaire ith' darke,

And that I haue possesst him, my most stay

Can be but brieft: for I haue made him know,

I haue a Seruant comes with me along

That staies vpon me; whose perswasion is,

I come about my Brother.

Duk. 'Tis well borne vp.

I haue not yet made knowne to *Mariana*

Enter Mariana.

A word of this: what hoa, within; come forth,

I pray you be acquainted with this Maid,

She comes to doe you good.

Isab. I doe desire the like.

Duk. Do you perswade your selfe that I respect you?

Mar. Good Frier, I know you do, and haue found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand Who hath a storie readie for your care:

I shall attend your leisure, but make haste The vaporous night approaches. *Exit.*

Mar. Wilt please you walke aside.

Duke. Oh Place, and greatnes: millions of false cies

Are stucke vpon thee: volumes of report

Run with these false, and most contrarious Quest

Vpon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit

Make thee the father of their idle dreame,

And racke thee in their fancies. Welcome, how agreed?

Enter Mariana and Isabella.

Isab. Shee'll take the enterprize vpon her father,

If you aduise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,

But my entreaty too.

Isa. Little haue you to say

When you depart from him, but soft and low,

Remember now my brother.

Mar. Feare me not.

Duk. Nor gentle daughter, feare you not at all:

He is your husband on a pre-contract:

To bring you thus together 'tis no sinne,

Sith that the Iustice of your title to him

Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let vs goe,

Our Corne's to reape, for yet our Tithes to sow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prouost and Clowns.

Pro. Come hither sirha; can you cut off a mans head?

Cl. If the man be a Bachelor Sir, I can:

But if he be a married man, he's his wiues head,

And I can neuer cut off a womans head.

Pro. Come sir, leaue me your snatches, and yeeld mee a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine*: heere is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper, if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeme you from your Gyues: if not, you shall haue your full time of imprisonment, and your deliuerance with an vnpiitted whippings; for you haue bene a notorious bawd.

Cl. Sir, I haue bene an vnlawfull bawd, time out of minde, but yet I will bee content to be a lawfull hangman: I would bee glad to receiue some instruction from my fellow partner.

Pro. What hoa, *Abhorson*: where's *Abhorson* there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abh. Doe you call sir?

Pro. Sirha, here's a fellow will helpe you to morrow in your execution: if you thinke it meet, compound with him by the yeere, and let him abide here with you, if not, vse him for the present, and dismisse him, hee cannot plead his estimation with you: he hath bene a Bawd.

Abh. A Bawd Sir? sic vpon him, he will discredit our myserie.

Pro. Goe too Sir, you waigh equallie: a feather will turne the Scale. *Exit.*

Cl. Pray sir, by your good fauor: for surely sir, a good fauor you haue, but that you haue a hanging look: Doe you call sir, your occupation a Myserie?